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epidemic of malaria, the sequel to the heaviest rains the country had had, according to the old inhabitants, for twenty-two years. It was astonishing to see after a few hours of heavy rain how much damage had been done, for rocks and debris were washed down from the cliff behind the town and the main bazaar street cut across in many places by torrents.

Like every seaport Mukalla is thoroughly cosmopolitan and you find in its bazaars representatives of Arabs from all the coastal parts of South Arabia and the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, as well as Somalis and other Africans. One curious strain of not infrequent visitors are long-bearded Mongolian pilgrims who flourish incomprehensible Chinese passports at me and, speaking no Arabic or other language which can be understood locally, apparently desire onward travel facilities. There are quite a number of Indian visitors and residents too, including Banian shopkeepers, and in the upper layer of Mukalla society the various races, Indian and Arab, mix quite happily. We all attend each other's parties and the Government servants of Mukalla have started a very good club. Amongst the various festive occasions of the last year or so none was greater of course than the Coronation celebrations. The streets and house-tops were gay with flags and I can remember no more beautiful sight than the illuminations at night. The Palace, the Residency, the Government offices and the principal mosques were outlined in coloured lights, and I should think Mukalla that night burnt almost as much incense as Pliny complains of Nero burning at the funeral of Poppaea. Almost every house that had not coloured lights heaped incense in piles along its roof parapets and the coloured lights and the flaming incense were wonderfully reflected on the waters of the harbour, while clouds of smoke filled the streets with a sweet-scented fog and completely obliterated the smell of the fish. Now of course Mukalla is every night reflected in the water, for electric light has been introduced and the greenish glow of the new street lights is visible far away. At the Sultan's request steps are being taken to reorganise and train his forces and to raise and train forces for the Kathiri Sultan, and thanks to Captain Hopkins who has been in Mukalla for nearly six months the standard is already much higher than formerly.

After four until sunset Mukalla walks abroad, sitting either in the cafés on the water front or wandering out through the western gate and sitting in groups above the camel park and the road which leads to the interior. This is the familiar road which has been trodden and described by most of the older generation of travellers, but I suppose that few Europeans in future are likely to follow it on camel or donkey as we did on our first visit three years ago, for I hope it will not be long before the new motor road is finished. The 20 miles or so which are now completed are really a remarkable achievement, for the road is a mountain road, skilfully built up with stone along the hillsides and well above the torrent beds. The line was followed and mapped by Captain L. G. Beach, R.E., who in a short visit also fixed the latitude and longitude of Shibam and Tarim, but there has been no expert supervision and the builders, all men from Mukalla, have shown themselves extraordinarily skilful.

Nowadays most travellers for the interior go by car, either along the beach to Shihr or, if the beach is not open, along the inland road which